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MENTOR

DECEMBER 1925



ONE OF THE DELLA ROBBIA BABIES—See article on page 42

FAMOUS DIAMONDS—GEORGE F. KUNZ
STORY OF THE MAGI—HENRY VAN DYKE



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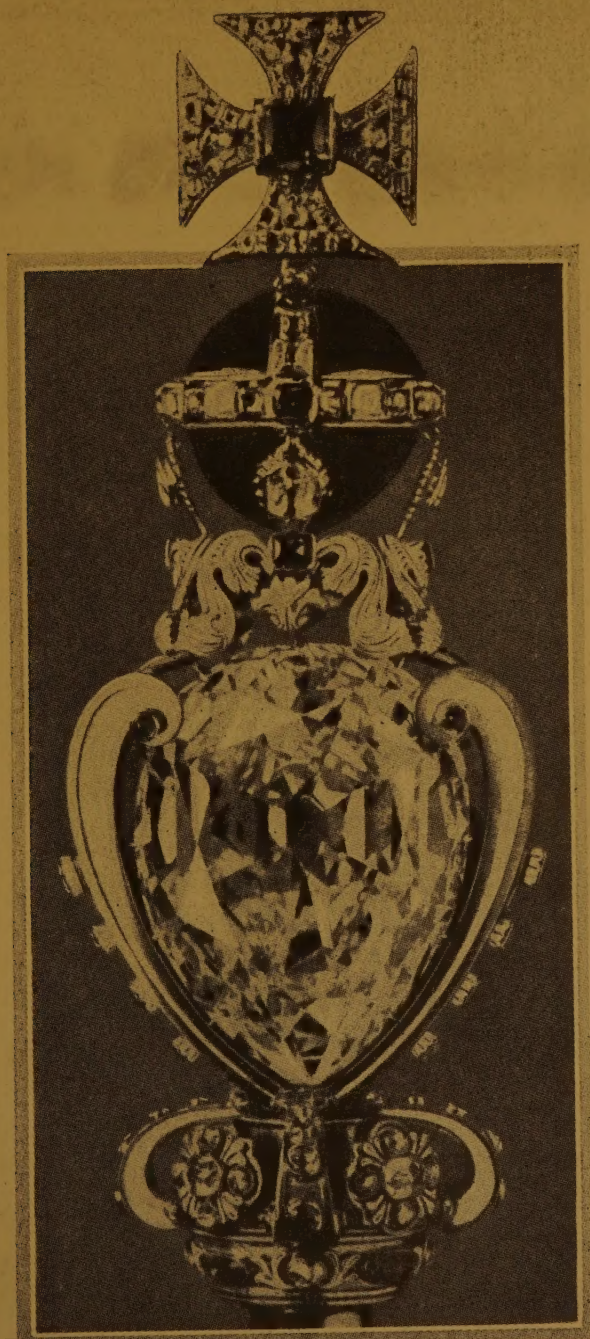
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SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS



Actual size

THE KING OF DIAMONDS

And the king's diamond. Cullinan I (516½ carats), set in the scepter of George V of England. The original crystal from which this was cut weighed 3,024 carats

By George Frederick Kunz



From a drawing by F. Matania in the "Illustrated London News"

THE DIAMOND-SET CROWN OF QUEEN MARY

Made for the coronation in 1911. The drawing shows the Archbishop of Canterbury about to place on the queen's head the golden diadem in which are set the Koh-i-nûr and two fragments of the Cullinan crystal

DECEMBER, 1925



IX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

*Their Discovery and
 Dramatic Adventures*

BY GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ

EDITORIAL NOTE: Dr. Kunz, author of many books and articles on gems and precious stones, rings and magic charms, has long been recognized as the leading authority in his field. A distinguished East Indian scholar, Professor Raman of Calcutta, stated, on arriving in America not long ago, that he wanted particularly to visit New York, "not to see the high buildings, but to meet Dr. Kunz." He came from a land of pearls and precious stones to visit the foremost gem expert in the world.

The diamond, undisputed king of gems, has reigned longer than any monarch, and, unlike earthly rulers, is unchangeable. It is the most brilliant and the most beautiful substance on earth. Stones are precious when they are beautiful, durable and rare. The diamond possesses these qualities to the highest degree, and is the hardest of all gems.

Diamond is congealed sunshine; colored gems are only each a small part of its spectrum. As white is made up of all colors, so the diamond has the beauty of all jewels. Let us conjecture that some creator made one stone out of all the others for himself, and that this mixture was the diamond.

Of all the tales that are told about great jewels and how they were discovered, first place must be given to the story of Fred Wells and the Cullinan diamond. Wells was surface manager at Premier Mine number two, near Pretoria, South Africa. About sunset one January afternoon in 1905, after the day's work was over, he strolled out of the company office for a casual tour of inspection; twenty minutes later he came running like a madman, carrying in his two hands the biggest diamond crystal ever seen. To the excited group that gathered in the weighing-room of the company headquarters he stammered out his story. Walking along an embankment his glance had caught the gleam of the sun on a shining object high up on the mine face. Only half believing what he saw he clambered to the spot and tried to loosen the dirt-embedded stone; he tried with his fingers, then with the blade of his pocket knife. The blade split, the diamond did not budge.



From a photograph

A "CLOSE-UP" OF THE QUEEN'S CROWN

The largest stone is the historic Koh-i-nûr. The pear-shaped diamond surmounting the orb and the square one set in the band are Cullinan fragments



PREMIER MINE NUMBER TWO

Near Pretoria, South Africa. The white cross on the embankment shows where Fred Wells found the largest diamond ever discovered

When he realized that he had found a crystal so large that it could not be dislodged by ordinary effort Wells wondered suddenly whether he had gone mad—whether “the whole thing was imaginary or perhaps a trick planned by a practical joker who had planted a chunk of glass hoping to have a little fun with the finder.” He tugged and dug and pried. At last the monster stone came loose from its age-old bed. When the crystal was placed on the scale the indicator swung to 3,024 carats. *A pound and three quarters avoirdupois.* Three times the size of any diamond that had ever been discovered.

That night the wires out of Pretoria hummed with the news. The greatest diamond of this or any other age had come to light. Mr. Wells’ sunset stroll brought a reward of \$10,000 from the company and world-wide réclame. The founder and the chairman of the Premier company, Mr. Thomas H. Cullinan, gave the four-inch diamond his name. When the owners decided to send it to London they entrusted it to ordinary registered mail. At the request of King Edward VII the stone was taken to Buckingham Palace soon after its arrival. The king remarked, as he held it up to the light, “I should have kicked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road.”



FRED WELLS

The mine manager who found the Cullinan crystal. His hand is on the spot where the great diamond protruded from the earth

That was before the diamond had been cut and polished.

To find a purchaser for a diamond so immense was the next problem. After several months' delay the sale was made to the Transvaal Colony, which voted to give the Cullinan stone to King Edward on the sixty-sixth anniversary of his birth, as a testimonial of gratitude for the grant of autonomy accorded by Great Britain. The valuation of the rough stone was estimated at \$750,000, including the sixty per cent interest of the Government in all diamonds found in the Colony mines situated in the Transvaal.



JUST AFTER IT WAS FOUND

The Cullinan diamond in the hand of one of the owners, at the office of the mine. Its weight in the rough was a pound and three quarters

Three years almost to the day after the Cullinan crystal was found it was delivered under heavy guard to the Messrs. Asscher Brothers, a well-known diamond-cutting firm in Amsterdam. There a conference was called to determine how the gigantic piece of carbon should be divided. First it was necessary to discover how the "planes of cleavage" ran. In all diamond crystals there is a grain comparable to the grain in a piece of wood. Although the diamond is the hardest substance known, a well-directed blow, the force of which passes along one of these cleavage planes, will split the crystal with comparative ease.

Glass models were formed and separated in various ways. On February 10, 1908, the actual operation of cleavage was undertaken. Mr. Joseph Asscher, head of the firm on whom this responsible task devolved, approached the task with some trepidation. He was about to split in two the most valuable object of its size ever known. "A million pounds sterling within eight square inches," the enthusiastic London press acclaimed it. With the hand of an expert Mr. Asscher laid the dull blade of a large well-tempered knife along a diamond-cut groove on one side of the stone, which had been embedded in metal. Firmly holding the knife in place he delivered a tremendous blow on the back of the blade with a steel rod. The knife broke. The stone remained intact. Another knife was substituted and the blow repeated, this time successfully.

The stone now lay in two unequal pieces, one weighing 1,977 carats, the other 1,050 carats. In each process through which the diamond passed, specially constructed, extra large tools were used.

During the time required for the cutting of the Cullinan diamonds, the chief cutter, Henri Koe, and his assistants worked seven days a week,



From a photograph lent by the author

AN HISTORIC MOMENT

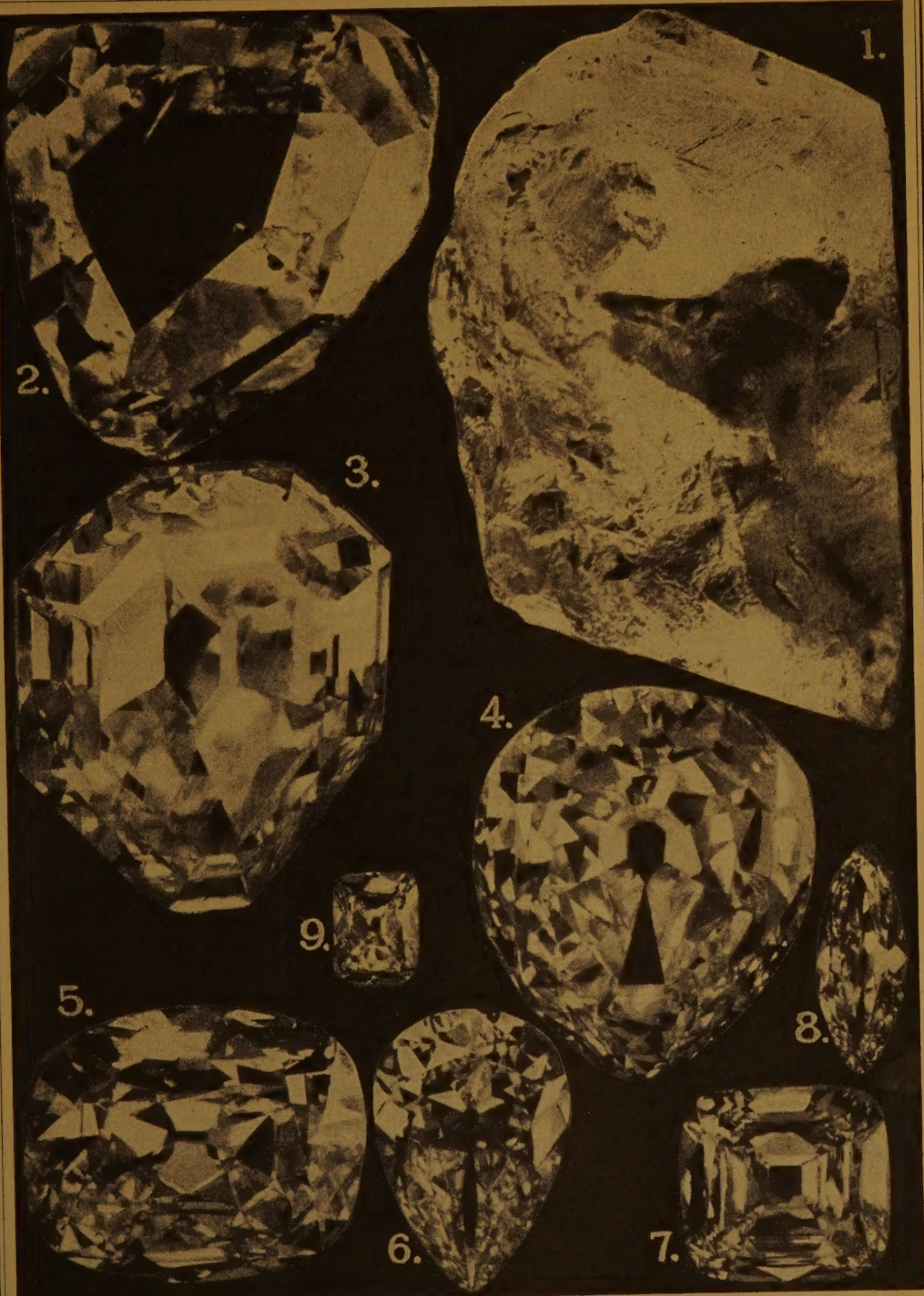
The cleaving of the Cullinan crystal, February 10, 1908. The small inset picture shows Joseph Asscher, head of an Amsterdam diamond-cutting firm, about to cut the colossal stone in two



fourteen hours a day. Work on the largest piece, Cullinan I (christened by George V of England the "Star of South Africa"), continued for seven months. When finished the pear-shaped gem weighed $516\frac{1}{2}$ carats, it was two and one-fifth inches long and its maximum breadth was one and two-thirds inches. All the diamonds of the Cullinan series are flawless and of the very finest blue-white water. The second largest stone, Cullinan II, is square and weighs over 309 carats. Though only three fifths the size of the king stone, this gem, the crown prince of diamonds, is larger than any other cut diamond ever mined.

Besides the two extraordinary gems above mentioned, the monster crystal furnished seven other fine stones ranging in weight from 92 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ carats, and, in addition, one hundred small brilliants. Some of the smaller stones were made into a necklace for Queen Alexandria of England.

The unique character of the largest stones cut from the Cullinan crystal makes them practically priceless. No exact estimate of their value has been attempted. The titan stone—"Star of South Africa," also called sometimes the "King Edward"—is the chief ornament in the handle of the royal scepter. It is so set that the mounting can be opened and the stone removed,



Actual size

A SUPERB DISPLAY ECLIPSING ALL DIAMOND RECORDS

(1) The Cullinan crystal as found in the earth, 3,024 carats. (2 and 3) The largest fragment in process of cutting. (4) Cullinan I, 516½ carats. (5) Cullinan II, second largest diamond in the world, 309 carats. (6,7,8 and 9) Four of the seven lesser cuttings



HENRI KOË

Polishing Cullinan I. Cullinan II and the Excelsior were brought to perfection by the same expert, at the establishment of Messrs. Asscher Brothers, Amsterdam

to be worn as a brooch or pendant. Two large fragments of the Cullinan are in Queen Mary's crown, in which is also set the Koh-i-nûr.

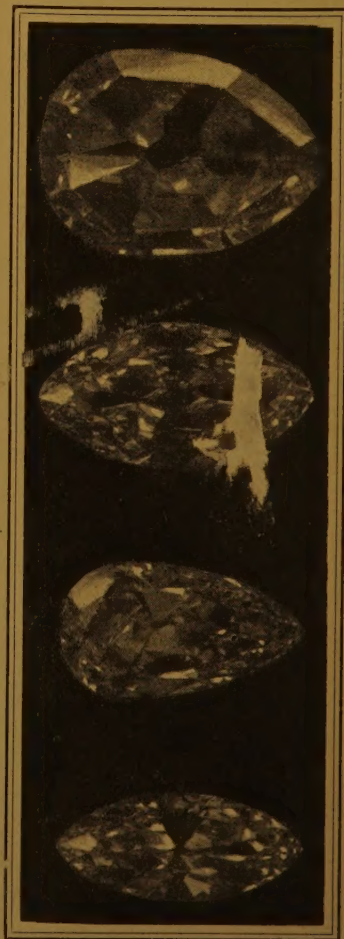
The story of the Cullinan diamond is a tale of magnitude and splendor, yet another exciting chapter is still to be written; for this diamond, unequalled for size and perfection, has a mate. Somewhere in the "blue earth" it awaits discovery. The Cullinan diamond is a segment of another large mass of pure carbon that is yet to be found. Sir William Crookes, after prolonged examination of the rough crystal, stated to the author that it showed numerous cleaved surfaces that unmistakably indicated its geological history. Up to two fifths more of the same piece may be found—that is, over two thousand carats more, making this a diamond of about five thousand carats, the equivalent of a French metric kilogram, or two and one-

fifth pounds. At some future time—to-morrow, next year, a hundred years from now—diamond records may have to be rewritten. And if that day does come, it will be a great and glorious day for someone!

THE EXCELSIOR

Considering the fact that the search for diamonds has been going on for centuries, it seems extraordinary that the two largest diamonds ever found were brought to light within a dozen years of each other, and that within the memory of the present generation. The Excelsior stone, cuttings from which are shown in the two panels, was found June 30, 1893, in a mine of the De Beers Company, in the Orange Colony, South Africa.

Until 1905 the Excelsior was the monarch diamond. On a hot summer afternoon a native picked the stone from a load of diamond earth that he was shoveling into a truck. He succeeded in secreting it from the overseer standing near and kept it on his person until he was able to deliver it



SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

personally to the manager of the Jagersfontein mine, which had yielded the crystal. A bonus of \$750, together with a horse, saddle and bridle, was the price paid by the mine owners for this frosty lump of blue-white crystal weighing 971 carats. When found the stone resembled the blunt end of an icicle. It was three inches long and two and a half inches thick at its greatest diameter.

For twelve years a buyer was sought. When none was found the crystal was cut into ten pieces, ranging from 69 to 13 carats each. The cutting was accomplished in the establishment of Messrs. Asscher Brothers, Amsterdam, in 1904, by Henri Koe.

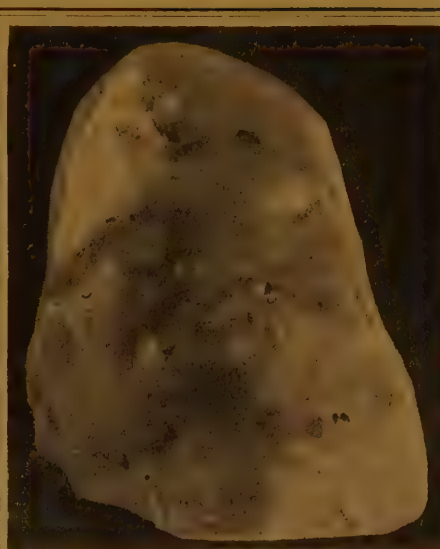
Most of the pieces

were sold privately in the United States. At the moment, a 16-carat heart-shaped fragment of the Excelsior, set in a ring, is in the possession of Tiffany and Company, New York.

Though the Cullinan and the Excelsior are the largest diamonds that ever have been found, events concerned with them have been of a far less theatrical nature than those relating to the Koh-i-nûr, the Orloff, the Regent, the Sancy, and several other spectacular stones that for years have held the eyes of the world not for their size and brilliancy only, but also for the tragical happenings of divers kinds that have attended their ownership.

KOH-I-NÛR, SYMBOL OF EMPIRE

Endless adventures have attended the passing of the Koh-i-nûr from one imperial hand to another. No other jewel is so celebrated. None has been owned by so many royal personages. None has played a part in so many tragedies. None has so often supplied the motive of war and rapine. "Insignia of India's empire and guarantee of her



THE EXCELSIOR DIAMOND (971 carats)

As found in the Jagersfontein mine, South Africa, June 30, 1893. The eight stones illustrated (exact size) in the two panels on this and the opposite page were cut from the Excelsior crystal. The largest stone of the eight weighs over 69 carats. Two smaller stones (16 and 13 carats each) are not illustrated



SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS



AKBAR, GREATEST OF MOGUL RULERS (1542-1605)
After he died the Koh-i-nûr was mounted on a pedestal in his
splendid mausoleum near Agra, India

sovereignty”—for it dynasties have fought and fallen, mighty rulers have forfeited their liberty and their crown.

Found unnumbered centuries ago in the historic mines of southern India, the legends pertaining to the stone are almost as many as the facets of its brilliant table. Though smaller than many others of lesser reputation it is the oldest cut diamond of large size. Authentic records begin with the “Memoirs” of Sultan Barber, a descendant of Tamerlane, and with the reign of the Indian ruler Ala-ud-din, Sultan of Delhi, who seized the stone from a rival sovereign, in the year 1304. Hindu literature throughout many previous centuries makes frequent allusion to the Koh-i-nûr.

Ala-ud-din was the possessor of riches beyond comput-

ing, and the object most prized in all his treasure was this peerless stone that had come into his hands with the spoils of war. For centuries the jewel remained in the caskets of Indian rulers. There is a story that the Koh-i-nûr was once mounted on a pedestal in the cenotaph of Akbar, who, greatest of Mogul sovereigns, ruled in the same years that Elizabeth of England was on the throne. His mausoleum, which still stands in the midst of a splendid garden, a few miles from Agra, India, is five stories high and open to the heavens. In the midst of this roofless chamber the sculptured cenotaph was placed. Akbar richly merited the presence in his tomb of the most coveted diamond of his day, for he was one of the most sagacious rulers that ever sat upon a throne.

In 1739 the city of Delhi, India, was sacked by the Persians, and priceless loot of all kinds was borne away. The Koh-i-nûr was then in the Peacock Throne of Shah Jahan, the beauty-loving sovereign who built the Taj Mahal. This golden throne of legendary splendor was valued at \$30,000,000. It had six massive feet sprinkled with gems. Two gold peacocks were thickly encrusted with diamonds and pearls.

SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

When the Persians entered the palace at Delhi such was the fame of the Koh-i-nûr that search was immediately made for it. While the hunt was on an inmate of the harem got word to the marauding shah that the emperor made a habit of keeping the precious talisman concealed in the folds of his turban. Nadir Shah was seized with an inspiration. When the monarchs met outside the walls of Delhi to ratify a treaty he proposed that he and Emperor Mohammed should, after the Oriental custom, exchange, one his gem-set sheepskin, the other his turban, as a token of amity and respect. Mohammed, hiding his rage as best he could, acceded to the request, with full realization that the Persian monarch had tricked him into surrendering the most poignant symbol of his sovereignty. As soon as Nadir returned to his own quarters he snatched off the turban and amid the silken folds found the prize he sought. At sight of it, in a burst of exaltation, he exclaimed: "Koh-i-nûr!" (Mountain of Light). And so the diamond got its name.

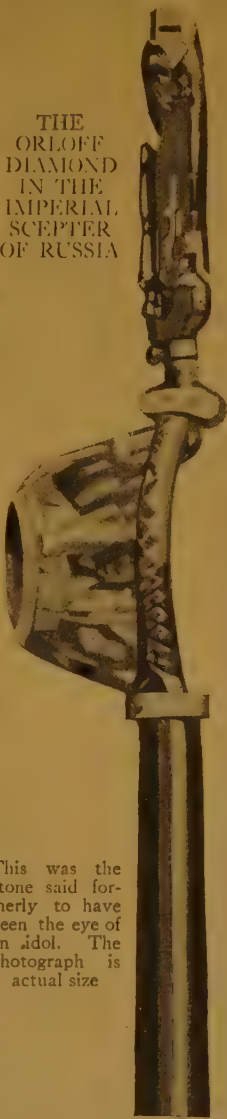
The "fatal curse" of the Koh-i-nûr followed Nadir and his heir. Though a weak and vacillating ruler, Shah Rokh, when exiled from his country by Aga Mohammed, clung tenaciously to the jewels he carried with him, and most ardently of all did he guard the Koh-i-nûr. Boiling oil was poured over his shaven head. He gave up a ruby of great renown, but the hiding place of the Stone of Stones he obstinately refused to betray, until at last he fell ill of his tortures and Ahmed Shah, a powerful Oriental tyrant, took pity upon his sorry condition. In 1751 the dying Shah Rokh left the Koh-i-nûr as a gift of gratitude to the one who had been his savior and defender.

Ahmed Shah bequeathed the Koh-i-nûr to his eldest son, Shah Zaman. And thus began another melodramatic chapter in the story of the Koh-i-nûr. Shah Zaman was dethroned by his brother, Suja, imprisoned, then driven from the country. He refused to disclose the whereabouts of the diamond, and as he fled on the highway Suja caused his eyes to be pierced by a lancet in the hand of the court surgeon. An official, while making an inspection of the prison cell Zaman had for years occupied, passed his hand over the wall and, at a spot where the plaster had crumbled, received a sharp cut. Looking closer, he saw the edge of the Koh-i-nûr pro-



SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

THE
ORLOFF
DIAMOND
IN THE
IMPERIAL
SCEPTER
OF RUSSIA



This was the stone said formerly to have been the eye of an idol. The photograph is actual size

truding from the crevice. The stone was triumphantly borne into the presence of Shah Suja, who caused it to be mounted in a breast ornament that he wore on all state occasions.

In his turn deposed and sent into exile, Suja with his faithful wife wandered homeless about the province of Punjab, until offered a refuge at the court of Runjit Singh, surnamed the "Lion of the Punjab." The hospitality extended by the Punjab potentate was in reality a blind to gain possession of the store of gems that Suja had brought with him. On Runjit's false promise to regain for him his lost throne Suja gave up the Koh-i-nûr.

The stone of tragedy was worn by Runjit Singh in an enameled armlet. He was convinced of its magic powers and carried it about wherever he went in a large trunk strapped on the back of a camel in a string of one hundred, guarded by troops. No one except his confidential servants knew which camel bore the jewel. On his deathbed Runjit, thinking to expiate the crimes committed in the name of the Koh-i-nûr, called for a messenger to carry the stone to the shrine of the idol Juggernaut, but expired before the emissary could leave the palace. The queen regent retained the ill-omened stone for the infant heir, Dhulcep Singh. After the defeat of the rebellious Sikh army in 1849—an engagement which wiped out sixteen thousand British soldiers—by command of Lord Wellington

the Koh-i-nûr became the booty of the English. Great precautions were taken for the safe transportation of the gem on the long voyage to England. It was first enclosed in a small leather bag made by the wife of Lord Dalhousie, who was appointed its keeper. He wore the bag in a belt fastened to a chain encircling his neck. During the months of the westward voyage on the steam sloop *Media* of her majesty's navy the packet never left his person day or night.



CATHERINE THE GREAT
(1729-1796)

Empress of Russia, to whom Count Grigori Orloff gave the diamond that bears his name



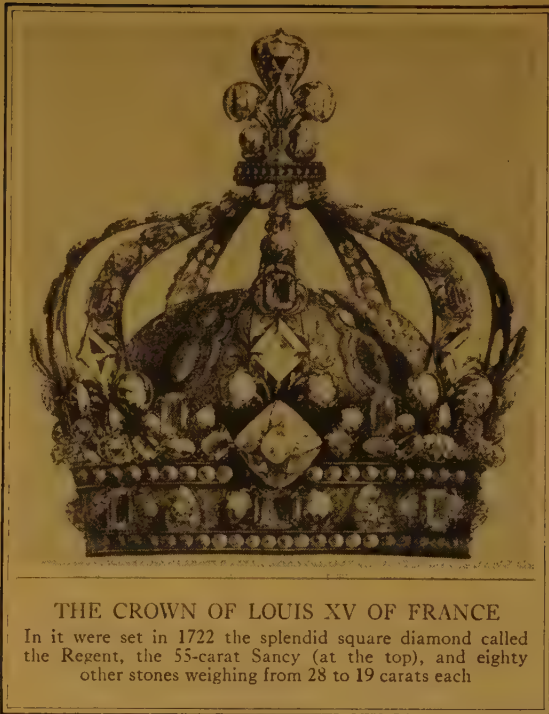
No wonder that he ejaculated on arriving at the end of the voyage, "My stars, what a relief to get rid of it!"

The Koh-i-nûr, "prize of contention for thirty centuries," was a gift to Queen Victoria from the East India Company, administrators of the Punjab. Its appearance disappointed the throngs that came to see it at the great exhibition held in London in 1851. Recutting, which consumed thirty-eight days, cost \$40,000 and reduced its size from 186 to 106 carats, improved it, according to European standards; but it is a shallow stone and not comparable in color and brilliancy with several other diamonds less widely known.

Queen Victoria wore the Koh-i-nûr in a brooch; Queen Alexandria in a crown. In 1911 it was set by the court jewelers in the diadem that was placed upon the head of Queen Mary at the coronation ceremony. In deference to the ancient tradition that this most storied of precious stones brings bad fortune to a man it has been worn only by the women of Britain's royal family. Its trail, leading to the very gates of Windsor Castle, has been a trail of death and disaster.

THE ORLOFF, IN THE RUSSIAN SCEPTER

Still another story of a diamond reaches back to legends of plunder and intrigue. The Orloff bears the name of a titled Russian attached to the court of Catherine the Great. Quite possibly it was once part of the Koh-i-nûr and was carried away when the original stone was cut by an Italian jeweler, Hortensio



Borgio, who was in the service of an Indian Mogul. A French soldier attached to an exploring expedition in Mysore, saw the precious orb, plucked it out, hid it in his tunic and sold it to the captain of the ship that carried him back to France about the year 1650. Count Grigori Orloff discovered it in a shop in Amsterdam and purchased it as a royal bribe for his empress. When the courtier, a dissolute, dashing fellow, returned to Russia bearing this gorgeous eye-shaped gem Catherine no longer withheld favors formerly sued for in vain. Orloff paid half a million dollars for the 199-carat stone and guaranteed a liberal annuity to the shopkeeper. Thanks

to his extravagant gift he was able to keep in the good graces of the capricious empress longer than most of her favorites. He hoped to marry her, and almost did. But at last the stone lost its spell, Catherine tired of the giver; he was assassinated. The Orloff diamond became part of the crown collection after Catherine's death.

When the French army was approaching Moscow special precautions were taken to secrete the Orloff in a tomb in the Kremlin. A legendary footnote of history says that Napoleon, learning of the hiding place in the tomb of a long-dead worthy of the church, entered the crypt of the Kremlin and ordered that the lid of the coffin be removed. A priceless cache of gems lay before the marauder's eyes, but before his attendants could pillage the treasure the ghost of the priest, whose body lay beneath the blanket of jewels, rose and uttered in a loud voice a curse which drove the invaders from the vaulted crypt with empty hands.

One of the czars had the Orloff mounted in a scepter. A photograph recently sent to me from Russia shows that this setting has not been disturbed. I saw the Orloff in 1899 and found it beautiful, but not perfect.

THE REGENT, SURVIVOR OF A DOZEN GOVERNMENTS

The Regent, together with the French Blue bought by Louis XIV in 1669 and the famous Sancy, was stolen from the royal storehouse in 1792 by revolutionists. Later it was recovered, some say in a ditch in the Champs Élysées, others from its hiding place in a garret chamber above a Paris cabaret.

SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

This imperial gem, like all the great stones of its time, was found in a mine not far from Golconda, a renowned Indian depot for diamonds. Just how it came into the hands of Thomas Pitt, then governor of Madras, never has been clearly revealed, but it is known that Pitt bought the stone for \$5,000.

By the time Pitt's stone arrived in England it was already of great repute. He had the diamond in his possession for sixteen years before finding a customer. All this time he lived in constant dread of theft, rarely slept two nights in succession under the same roof and sometimes wore disguise, haunted by the fear that some plot would be hatched to despoil him of his "big pebble."

The celebrated Scotch master of finance, John Law, finally put through a deal with the Duke of Orleans, who was regent of France during the minority of Louis XV. Six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is the amount generally given as the price paid. Pitt (grandfather of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham) and his two sons conveyed the diamond to Calais, where a jeweler received the gem in the name of France.

The Regent, named for its new owner, immediately usurped the proud position of the Sancy diamond as the greatest treasure among the French crown jewels. After being recut it was first displayed to the public by Louis XV when he received the envoys of Turkey, March 21, 1721. On this spectacular occasion the boy king wore a robe of fire-colored velvet with

diamond buttons. In his hat was the Sancy; on his shoulder, in a knot of pearls and diamonds, glittered the Regent, the size of a pigeon's egg. A year later the stone, popularly called the "Millionaire," was mounted in the crown made for the coronation of Louis XV, which at the time was the richest in the world.

The Regent diamond, worn by all the rulers of France from the time of Louis XV to Napoleon III, twice played an important part in the history of the French Republic. In 1796 it helped to equip the national army in time of grave peril, constituting the most important part of the security given by the



From a painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XV
In his coronation robes. The crown is on a cushion at his right

SIX FAMOUS DIAMONDS

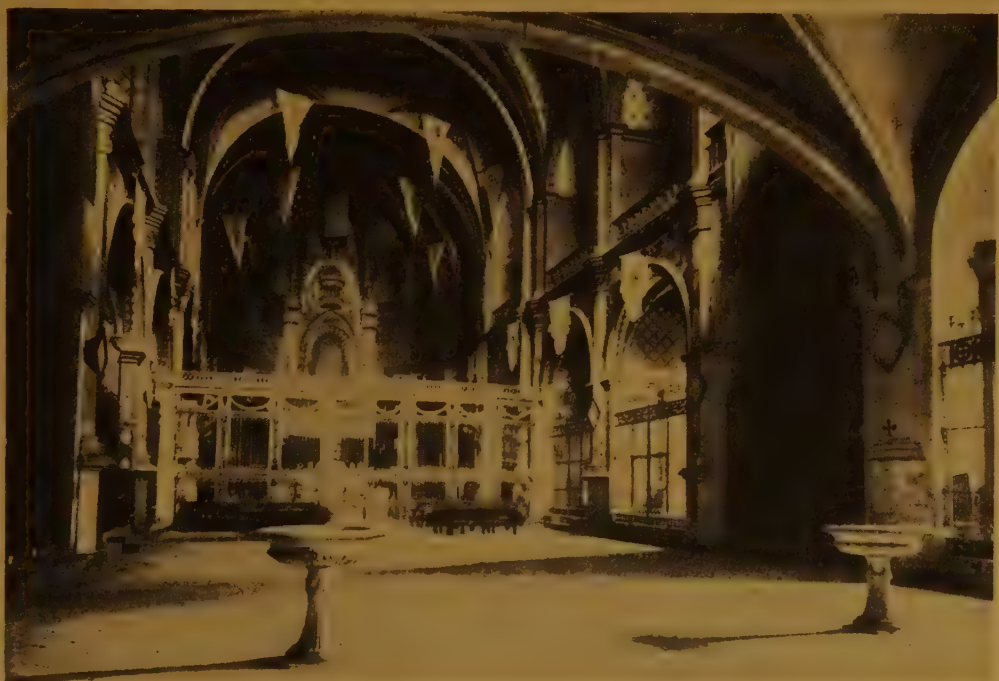
Directory for a loan of \$80,000 obtained from a Berlin banking house. Another time it was pledged to a Dutch banker. The gem was for a time set in the hilt of the state sword of Napoleon I. When the crown jewels were put up at public auction in 1887 the sovereign diamond was reserved by the Government because of its unique quality and historic associations. It is now exposed at the Louvre in the Gallery of Apollo, "mausoleum of treasures that recall the glorious history of France." The value of the Regent was appraised in the catalogue issued in 1791 by the Communist Government at 12,000,000 francs, or \$2,400,000, and this is the valuation commonly given to-day.

THE SANCY, "SPHINX OF DIAMONDS"

A diamond that has frequently come to the rescue of royalty in distress, the Sancy, was bought by the French ambassador at the Turkish court, in 1570. Nicolas Sancy was something of a diamond fancier and apparently a gentleman of most accommodating disposition. On many occasions he lent his beautiful bauble to kings of his own and other countries, who were in need of funds for private and military purposes. When Henry IV of France had the Sancy in his possession he used to wear it in the toque that covered his baldness, while he toyed with his dogs and monkeys and played childish games with his dwarfs. A servant in the employ of Sancy, carrying the gem to obtain a loan to strengthen Henry's army, was assassinated. When the body was found in a wood the stomach was opened, and there the diamond was found.

The 55-carat almond-shaped stone was sold to the British Crown in the time of James I. It was pledged with other jewels to raise money for the troops of Charles I. Later it was redeemed by Cardinal Mazarin, who bequeathed it to France. Following the theft at the Garde-Meuble, in 1792, the Sancy passed by devious and secret ways through many hands, and finally the present Lady Astor received it as a gift from her father-in-law, William Waldorf Astor.

Such are the stories of six famous diamonds. There are others about which there are tales well worth the telling: The Pigot, or "Lottery Diamond," crushed to dust by command of its owner, about to die; the Hope diamond, the largest blue stone now known; the 128-carat Tiffany Yellow; the cinnamon-colored Florentine, until lately in the Imperial Austrian Treasury; the Dresden, a diamond held very rare because of its peculiar green tint; the Great Mogul, one of the proudest possessions of Indian rulers, whose whereabouts has for centuries been a mystery; the Star of the South, a Brazilian stone of 254 carats; the uncut Matan, found in Borneo, weighing 367 carats, for years owned by a native sovereign who refused an offer for it of \$150,000 and two large war brigs fully armed; the Jubilee diamond, weighing 239 carats; the Victoria, weighing 180 carats. The stories of these may be related at some future time in *The Mentor*.



THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN OF MONTSERRAT

This present shrine of the famous image of the Virgin adjoins the *Hospederia*. It was founded in 1593 and opened by Philip II. To-day it boasts a magnificent reredos, fine carving, a crown sent the Virgin in 1881 by Leo XIII, and the extensive wardrobe and magnificent jewel bestowed upon her by the hundred thousand pilgrims who yearly visit Montserrat—the "Monsalvat" of the Grail legend



MY QUEST OF THE GRAIL

A Present-day Trip to Monsalvat, the "Mount of Salvation"

BY EVA MADDEN

It is a great quest to follow some famous legend to the actual spot of its supposed happening.

Especially will this be found true in the case of the greatest of all the legends of Christendom—the Legend of the Holy Grail: the story of the adventures of many a brave knight who set out to obtain the Vision of the Holy Grail (or Cup, or Chalice) of the Last Supper. Those who know Wagner's "Parsifal" will remember how it brings the greatest of its heroes, Percival, as his name is in English, to a steep and well-nigh inaccessible elevation known as Monsalvat—"Mount of Salvation."

There rose a mystic castle, vast and wonderful, and in it stood the shrine of the Holy Grail, a miniature replica of the jeweled castle itself. In this beautiful place lived the Knights of the Holy Grail, the special guardians of the cup.

Setting out on a present-day quest of this castle site, as did Sir Percival,

MY QUEST OF THE GRAIL

one finds oneself at the foot of a steep and marvelous mountain, a great mass of gray rock of fantastic form, of precipices dropping down sheer thousands of feet, of mysterious abysses, of garden-like stretches of flowers of every hue, and of views so far-reaching and of such surpassing beauty as to baffle the power of pen to portray—known geographically as Montserrat, and in legendary lore as Monsalvat.

Thirty miles from Barcelona, Spain, it stands, the actual mountain of the Holy Grail, according to the old chroniclers, fourteen miles in circumference and rising from its wooded base nearly four thousand feet, its curious pinnacles, boldly and abruptly outlined against the sky like the sharply pointed serrated teeth of a saw, giving it the name of "Montserrat."



THE FRANCISCAN PASS

According to the legend, the Knights of the Holy Grail ascended and descended on their errant quests through this pass. Parsifal, after his first visit to their castle, went through it into the world again

There, on those pinnacled heights, says the tradition, took place the "Procession of the Grail," the "Divine Feast of the Knights of the Holy Spirit," and there, as opera lovers know, Wagner laid the scene of his "Parsifal."

The traveler to-day, like Parsifal of old, can find food and shelter near its summit. It will not be, however, in the crystal chambers of the Castle of the Grail, but in the austere halls of a *Hospederia*. There you will be made as welcome as was Parsifal, not by Knights of the Holy Grail in gray-blue tunics and mantles of crimson embroidered in white doves, but by fathers of the church of the Virgin of Montserrat, in sable cassocks.

A marvelous mountain it is for the traveler in Spain, though one that ought not to be visited until the Grail legend has been recalled and is fresh in mind.



A VIEW FROM THE ROAD ASCENDING MONTSERRAT

Of all legends the deepest in mysticism, ever since the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, when the story of the Grail appeared in prose and verse, it has been reappearing, after periods of disappearance, in literature, poetry, music, art, in much the same fashion as the Grail itself is said to have glowed before the eyes of men, to vanish for decades, centuries, and to glow again before other eyes, in other lands.

In the last century it enjoyed a reappearance in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," in the Grail poems of Browning, Swinburne, William Morris; in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal;" in the art of the Pre-Raphaelites; in the Abbey pictures of the Boston Public Library; in the operas of Wagner.

The traveler who chances to be in Barcelona on the eighth of any September will be at once aware of something unusual astir. As the day grows he will count by the hundreds men, women, whole families, priests, sisters in the



THE CAVE OF FRAY JUAN GARIN

The penitential retreat of a saint who was once a famous sinner. Fray Juan's hermitage, or cottage, is the highest of all the hermitages of Montserrat. A special excursion is made to it because of a much-admired statue of its saint therein. The magnificent views from this spot baffle description

habits of many orders—brown, black, gray and white—hastening toward the station of the Barcelona-Lérida Railway to take ticket for the village of Monistrol.

It is the "Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin" and the devout of many lands are making a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin of Montserrat, which the fathers of the monastery guard as faithfully as once did the Knights of the Holy Spirit the shrine of the Holy Grail.

The stories of the mountain, of the Virgin, the castle, the mystic shrine, strangely intermingled, all begin on Mount Calvary on the first Good Friday.

As Christ hung on the cross, the Gospels tell us, his side was pierced by a Roman soldier, to whom tradition has given the name of Longinus. To catch the blood from the wounds as it flowed, Joseph of Arimathea raised aloft a cup, or chalice, of emerald, clear as crystal. It was carved, says the story, from a stone that fell to earth from the crown given Lucifer by the sixty thousand revolting angels, and was used by the Master for the wine of the Last Supper. Its name, Grail, came to it from the Latin through the Low Latin *gradalis*, or dish, and is variously spelled "grail," "grial," "gral," "graal," "Sangraal."

From the touch of the blood of the Master the chalice, says the story, acquired miraculous powers.

Joseph of Arimathea, according to legend, carried the crystal cup across the Mediterranean to a place near Marseilles, France; or, according to other accounts, to England. For years the Grail exerted its miraculous powers, but, mankind growing less and less pure in heart, the cup disappeared entirely from human vision. Thereafter it became a great object of search or quest for knights errant of all nations. And—so the legend goes—it was in the temple on the summit of Monsalvat that the Grail rested for years, and there it was guarded and worshiped by faithful knights.)



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY

Here first lived nuns in charge of the image of the Virgin when brought from its chapel to their church. Monks of St. Benedict turned it into a monastery and cared for the Virgin until their building was blown up by the French during the Peninsular War. The bringing of artillery to its height by Suchet is accounted one of the marvelous achievements of military history. Observe the great rocks into which the edifice is built



THE HERMITAGE OF SAN GERONIMO

To-day this home of one of the hermits, whose cottages, or hermitages, once formed a "Via Crucis" above and beyond the "*Hospederia*," is used as a restaurant for excursionists who make the trip to its height. A hermit entering one of these cottages left only as a corpse

The traveler of to-day, on his quest of Monsalvat, arrives at Monistrol by train from Barcelona, and mounts the marvelous mountain by way of a funicular railway.

The funicular mounts comfortably and not too fast for the traveler to gain a view of the fantasies of rock, the abysses into which birds are ever mysteriously sinking, of the level places, glowing with their flowers, that gave Wagner his idea of the gardens of the flower maidens of "Parsifal."

Festooning the edges of the precipices are jasmine, smilax and honeysuckle, filling the air with sweet fragrance.

As the traveler mounts he

will begin to see far above him the monastery, its gardens, its cypresses, lifting spires as many and as picturesque as the towers of the vanished castle.

Arrived at the *Hospederia*, permission will be given to remain three days, payment according to purse. The father in charge of the reception-room will assign you to a room, give you your linen and give you in charge to a lay brother, who will conduct you to your quarters and make your bed. Meals, you will be told, may be eaten in an upper or lower room, according to your willingness to pay more or less.

At last, like Parsifal, your quest is ended! You are on Monsalvat!

Almost at once you feel the mystic atmosphere, for, as you draw in deep breaths of the invigorating pure air, your whole being will begin to revivify, to rejuvenate, and back to memory will come the words of Gurnemanz to Parsifal when he too drew in that life-giving air:

"Here we breathe the atmosphere of God,
A boundless Here and an eternal Now."

As you wake, and the sun makes rosy the snow caps of the distant Pyrenees, if you chance to be there on Saturday, steal to your window and look down on the little piazza of the Church of the Virgin of St. Luke. Two by two, as came the choristers of the Grail, the pupils of the *Escolasia*, or "School of Music" for the training of the choirs of Spain, conducted on Montserrat by the fathers, are on their way to mass, greeting the morning with the singing of the *Salut*.



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THE PRESENT MONASTERY OF MONTSERRAT

This massive building stands on what is generally accepted to be the site of the mythical Castle of the Holy Grail; the "Mount of Salvation," it was called in the legend. The height has been named Montserrat because the fantastic peaks resemble the teeth of a saw. In this building pilgrims and visitors are entertained by the fathers in charge. The lay brothers do the work and render all service, the fathers conducting the famous "*Escolasia*," or "School of Music," in which are trained the ecclesiastical choristers of Spain

MY QUEST OF THE GRAIL

The original monastery of Montserrat, blown up during the Peninsular War by the French under Suchet (Su-shay), whose transportation of troops to its height is accounted one of the miracles of military prowess, was replaced in the last century by the present factory-like edifice. In 1835, when the suppression of religious orders took place in Spain, permission was given it to retain its present limited number of fathers, who work, pray, entertain strangers and conduct their school.

In the church, founded in 1592 and opened seven years later by Philip II, is the famous Virgin of St. Luke. The church has a magnificent reredos and fine carving, as well as the extensive wardrobe and superb collection of jewels of the Virgin, votive offerings of the pilgrims.

Scattered about the heights above the monastery are the cells, or little cottages, of the hermits, routed by Suchet. Originally their retreats formed a "Via Crucis," but now are deserted—except one, once the cell of a notorious but repentant sinner, the Fray Juan Garin. To-day it is used as a restaurant.

The traveler who reaches this highest of the hermitages has for his reward a view of surpassing beauty. Below and beyond the abysses and gorges of the mountain, stretches the Catalonian plain and the Pyrenees lifting their snow caps against the sky.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. CECILIA, MONTSERRAT

On the slope near the chapel is the site of the cave in which the image of the Virgin, carved by St. Luke and brought to Barcelona 50 A. D. by St. Peter, was hidden from the Goths. A cross marks the spot where once stood the chapel erected to enshrine it upon its miraculous discovery three hundred years later by some shepherds and the Bishop of Vique

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



Second half of the painting above the altar in the Church of the Incarnation, New York

"THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAGI AT BETHLEHEM," By John La Farge

*Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Balthasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST*

THE story of the Wise Men who came from the East to pay their homage to the Holy Child at Bethlehem has always been a favorite theme of Christian art and legend. It was depicted everywhere: on the walls of the Catacombs; on the sculptured faces of sarcophagi; in the glittering mosaics of the basilicas; in the palaces of the rich and the churches of the poor; on gilded drinking glasses, and carved doors, and marble pulpits, and painted ceilings, and bronze coins, and jeweled shrines—everywhere that art has left its touch we see the Magi worshiping the infant Saviour. From the second century the long, rich train of representations runs on unbroken through the nineteenth. We may safely say that there is no subject in the range of history, sacred or profane, which has received more splendid illustration.

Side by side with this stream of pictures and carvings runs the kindred current of imagination speaking to the ear instead of to the eye. Traditions and fables, myths and allegories, fragments of history and philosophy, poems and plays and chronicles gather about the story in marvelous abundance. It is like a trellis overgrown with vines, so luxuriant, so fertile in leaves and blossoms that the outline of the sustaining structure is almost lost. It would be easy for one who looked at it carelessly to suppose that the whole fabric was flowery and fictitious, with nothing substantial about it. On the other hand, it is no less easy to mistake the growth of fancy for the framework of history and accept the later legends as if they belonged to the original narrative. I suppose the hymn "We Three Kings of Orient Are" is sung in many a Protestant Sunday school in hearty unconsciousness that its first line embodies two purely ecclesiastical traditions. . . .

The story of the Magi, as it is given by the evangelist Matthew, is astonishingly brief and unadorned. He tells us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreigners arrived at Jerusalem. He does not tell us how many they were, nor of what race, nor of what station in life; although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod, and from the fact that they carried treasure boxes with them, that they were persons of wealth and distinction. The

most important statement in regard to them is that they were Magians—that is to say, disciples of Zoroaster and members of the sacred or priestly order of Persia, which was then widely scattered among the Oriental nations and included men of exalted rank. They came from the East, a word which to the dwellers in Palestine could hardly have any other meaning than the ancient region of Chaldea lying beyond the Jordan and the desert. Their explanation of their journey to Herod was that they had seen an appearance in the heavens (whether one star, or many, or a comet,

they did not say) which led them to believe that the King of the Jews had been born, and they had come to do reverence to him. Herod was greatly troubled at hearing this and sent for the chief priests and scribes to inquire where the prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be born. They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him. Having set out on their journey they saw once more the celestial sign; and it directed them to the place where Jesus was. Coming into the house



By Gustave Doré

"WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE"

*Courtesy of Harper & Brothers, publishers of "The Christ Child in Art."

(for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable) they saw the young Child with Mary his mother and prostrated themselves in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then, being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

It must be confessed that if we accept the tradition as a part of the narrative and suppose that what they saw in the sky was a single star which moved directly in front of them all through their journey and finally took its stand just over the door of the house of Joseph in Bethlehem, it would be difficult to parallel the story. But if we take the account as it is given by the evangelist we find a remarkable light thrown upon it by the discoveries of modern astronomy. The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of celestial events. It occurs only once in eight hundred years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A. U. C.,* shortly before the birth of Christ. In the following year it took place again, and now the planet Mars joined the conjunction. In 1604 the astronomer Kepler observed a similar conjunction and saw, between Jupiter and Saturn, a new, brilliant, evanescent star. The astronomical

tables of the Chinese, which are the most ancient records of the sky, mention a star of the same character, which, according to the best calculations, appeared and vanished in the year 750 A. U. C. These strange things must have been visible to all who observed the heavens in that year. Certainly they could be seen from Jerusalem, and to one leaving that city they would appear to lead in the direction of Bethlehem. It may be that we have here, in this "fairy tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story. . . .

Once having entered the house and found the Child whom they sought, their conduct in his presence could hardly have been different from that which is described by the evangelist. Their deep obeisance was a sign of that religious reverence with which every Persian was accustomed to regard a king. The gifts which they took from their treasures were appropriate to the region from which they were brought and the person to whom they were presented. It may even be that the Magians attached a symbolical meaning to them, for the language of the Orient is figurative; and perhaps the church father, Irenæus, gives us historic truth as well as poetic beauty when he represents the Wise Men as offering gold to the *royalty*, and incense to the *divinity*, and myrrh to the *humanity* of the newborn King.

It is no wonder that the Christians of

*A. U. C. stands for *Anno urbis conditæ* and means "In the year after the city—Rome—was built."



In the Prado Gallery, Madrid

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," By Hans Memling



"THE ADORATION," By Sandro Botticelli

Rome, painting upon the walls of their underground hiding places and cemeteries those rude but cheerful pictures, like bright flowers blossoming in the darkness, which expressed the hope and joy of their early faith, fixed upon this story as one of the first subjects of their art. . . . In the hands of these first artists the picture corresponded with the simplicity of the gospel narrative.

As we go on tracing the subject through the long series of representations in the fourth and fifth and sixth centuries we find its form becoming more fixed and particular. New details are added: an open book, to show that the Magi were familiar with the prophecy of Balaam; a star above the Child, to show the way in which He was recognized; an old man standing behind the chair of Mary and pointing upward, to represent Joseph, or the prophet Isaiah, or the Holy Ghost; the heads of camels, to tell the story of the journey. The number of the pilgrims is fixed at three, to correspond with the number of their gifts and perhaps also with the three Hebrew children at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, whose story is frequently given as the companion piece to that of the Magi. At length the crowns appear. . . .

Byzantine art shows us the "three kings of Orient," stiff, formal, glittering with gold and jewels, as they stride with equal steps to present their offerings to the Madonna and her Child.

Here we find ourselves in the midst of the great stream of legends, which takes its rise in the apocryphal gospel of St. Thomas, and flows on, through sermons, and mysteries, and miracle plays, and poems, and chronicles, until finally there is hardly any conceivable question which pious curiosity could ask about the Magi for which the pious fabulist had not a ready answer. Some of these legends are very beautiful, and some of them are very grotesque. . . . It would be a long task to enumerate them all and trace them to their sources. But let us imagine a monk of the fifteenth century preaching at the Feast of Epiphany in the Cathedral of Cologne. The long procession, with swinging censers, and tinkling bells, and waving banners, has carried the splendid golden shrine of the Magi, crusted with precious stones, in its solemn circuit of the church. The music dies away, and the preacher mounts the pulpit and unfolds the familiar tale of wonder:

"In this casket, my children, sleep the bones of three mighty kings. Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar were their names, but in Greek they were called Galgalat, Malgalat and Sarithin. Now Gaspar was sixty years old, and he came from Arabia; Balthasar was forty years old, and he was black, for he came from Saba; Melchior was twenty years old, and his country was Tarshish. These kings had heard the word of the prophet Balaam that a star should come out of Jacob, and they waited for its appearance. Moreover, certain great miracles had happened to them. . . . So these kings did use to go together to a mighty pleasant place, with fountains and choice trees, on the side of a high mountain, called 'Mons Victorialis,' to watch for the star. And suddenly, while they were praying, with hands and eyes lifted up, it appeared to them in the form of a little babe, exceeding bright and shining, so that all the other stars were lost in its brightness. Then these kings were very glad, and gat them in haste upon their dromedaries, and followed the star day and night, without eating or sleeping, till they came on the thirteenth day to Jerusalem.

"Now when they had inquired of Herod the place in which the King of the Jews should be born they went on to Bethlehem;

and the star going before them, stood still over the very house where Jesus was dwelling. So they entered, and found the Holy Virgin and the Child, and worshiped them, offering gifts. Nor did the three kings forget the parents of our blessed Lord, for as they were departing they gave to the Virgin money and silken robes, and to Joseph gold and jewels. And Mary gave to them one of the linen bands in which the Child was swaddled, which they kept as a great treasure, for when it was cast into the fire the flames had no power upon it, but it came out whole.

"Now an angel had spoken unto them in a dream that they should not return to Herod, for he was seeking to destroy them and the young Child also. So they took ship, and went around by Tarshish into their own country. But after they had departed the star fell into a deep well hard by the house. And in that place, my children, a great wonder is seen. For those who look into the well behold the star in the bowels of the earth, moving from one side of the well to the other, just as if it were in the sky. But, when many persons are looking in, the star appears only to those who are wisest and most sound in mind.

"Now many years after the three kings



"THE ADORATION OF THE THREE WISE MEN," By Albrecht Dürer



In the Hospital of the Innocents, Florence

"THE THREE KINGS AT THE MANGER," By Domenico Ghirlandajo

had returned to their country the holy Apostle Thomas traveled thither and baptized them in the Christian faith. So they went out to preach and were slain by the barbarous Gentiles of the Far East. But the holy Empress Helena of blessed memory discovered their bones and brought them to Constantinople. From there they were carried to Milan, and not long after the Emperor Barbarossa brought them from that place unto our own city. Here at last the

bones of the great travelers and wise kings find their rest, and have worked many great miracles and are the glory of our city."

Something like this was the legend which the curious fancy of the Middle Ages evolved out of the history told by St. Matthew. A modern version of it is given in the opening chapter of Ben Hur, with its three camels emerging suddenly from the unknown and its mystic meeting of the travelers in the lonely valley of the desert.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," By Peter Paul Rubens

FROM BETHLEHEM TO CALVARY

PICTURES OF SACRED SCENES AS THEY ARE TO-DAY: REPRODUCED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE RECENTLY IN PALESTINE



THE ROAD OF THE THREE WISE MEN—FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM

THE LAND OF THE PAST

"PALESTINE is preëminently the Land of the Past—a land whose very air is charged with the human emotions and the memories of human action, reaching far back into the centuries. No one who is in any degree susceptible to the impressions of nature or of history can help feeling the glamour of the country, . . . rich and sad with the pathos of ages of human effort and human passion. The imagination is always trying to body forth the men and women who lived beneath these skies, the heroes of war and the saints of suffering, the nameless poets and the prophets who live on in their burning words, and to give them visible form and life . . ."—JAMES BRYCE.



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THE PLACE OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM

In the background may be seen the Church of the Nativity. On this site there once stood a Temple of Adonis. In 330 Emperor Constantine built the first structure, which is still standing. It was added to at a later date by Justinian. It was captured by the Crusaders in the eleventh century. It is now under control of the Greek, Roman and Armenian Catholic Churches



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AN AMAZING ANACHRONISM: A MODERN TRAFFIC SIGN ON A SACRED SITE

Mary's well has been the only dependable source of Nazareth's water supply in all its history even up to the present. It is today the best water in Palestine. The tourist can see more of life and types around this ancient well than anywhere else in the town. Men, women and children come with their brown earthenware jugs and carry the water away on their heads. Research proves this to be the one authentic sacred spot in Nazareth



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JOSEPH'S CARPENTER SHOP—NAZARETH

The site of Joseph's carpenter shop was fixed from the writings of pilgrims in Jerome's time and later. While it is generally accepted as authentic, it is in fact purely traditional



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THE SEA OF GALILEE

The Sea of Galilee is sixty-four square miles in area. It is about thirteen miles long and eight wide, and lies seven hundred feet below the Mediterranean level. It is really an expansion of the Jordan River. Near Tiberius there are a number of hot springs, some of them having a temperature of 138 degrees Fahrenheit. They were used extensively by the Romans. The sea is often visited by severe storms caused by sudden changes of temperature, due to differences in altitude in the surrounding regions



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THE RIVER JORDAN

The Jordan, the only river in Palestine, is remarkable in many ways. From the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, in an aerial line, it is but sixty-five miles, but the actual course is over two hundred miles in length, owing to the many curves and bends. The current is generally swift, falling about ten feet to the mile. Its source waters come from Mount Hermon. From there to the Sea of Galilee, which is nearly seven hundred feet below sea level, it is crystal-clear. But from Samach, the beginning of the lower Jordan (the outlet of the Sea of Galilee), it passes so swiftly through its clay banks that it becomes brown shortly after leaving the Sea of Galilee. It is estimated that thirty thousand pilgrims visit the Jordan yearly



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE



© E. M. Newman (Pub. Photo Service)

THE VIA DOLOROSA

The Via Dolorosa of to-day is the traditional site of the "Way of the Cross." Jerusalem, however, has been destroyed eight times since that fateful day, so the original site must be about forty feet below the present level. The Via Dolorosa leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher



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SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Golgotha, "The Place of the Skull," outside the walls of Jerusalem, has been a burial place for unknown centuries. This is the situation known as "Gordon's Calvary." Excavations recently made here substantiate the judgment of the great Scotch general as to the exact spot where the Crucifixion took place



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THE "GORDON TOMB"

General Gordon of the British Army became a great national figure after his victory at Khartum in the Sudan, and it was his fame as a national figure that added weight to his opinions about this site. "Gordon's Calvary" was spoken of as a probable site many centuries before he, Gordon, was born. Recent excavations and the Scripture narrative bear him out. The factions in authority, however, affirm that the correct site is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. According to religious tradition, the place of the Holy Sepulcher was located by a dream of St. Helena, who marked the spot after having been led there by a vision

A MASTERPIECE ON A BARREL HEAD

HOW RAPHAEL PAINTED HIS "MADONNA OF THE CHAIR" ON THE ROUND TOP OF A WINE CASK

BY CHRISTOPHER LORD

HAWTHORNE called it "the most beautiful picture in the world," this "Madonna of the Chair," and while that is a sweeping statement the whole world has long since acknowledged the beloved painting to be one of its gems. It is the very humanness of the lovely group that endears it to all beholders, because, except for the brooding tenderness of the mother, divinity is symbolized only by faint halos over the heads of the Madonna and the adoring small St. John.

There is an appealing legend connected with the painting of the "Madonna of the Chair," which also explains why it is circular in form. The picture itself was painted while Raphael was working on his decorations in the Vatican, between the years 1510 and 1514, and was executed for Pope Leo X or some other of the Medici.

The story goes that outside of Rome dwelt a vine dresser with his daughter, Mary, and also hard by in the hills lived an old hermit who loved but two things in the world—the girl Mary, who daily carried him grapes to appease his hunger, and an ancient oak tree sheltering his hut, whose murmuring leaves brought him music and companionship in his loneliness. One day a storm wrecked his hut and the hermit's life was saved only by seeking refuge in the oak tree. Then came Mary, who took him to her home and ministered to him until his death. The hermit harbored a pathetic gratitude toward both Mary and the tree and prayed

before he died that each might be remembered by the world. Shortly thereafter the tree was felled, and its wood made into casks, many of which were used by the vine dresser himself.

Eventually the Roman girl married and bore two children. Early one evening Raphael, while strolling, perhaps for relaxation from the arduous work of his decorations in the Vatican, chanced by this dwelling and saw in the window Mary, the mother, crooning to her last-born, with her elder son at her knee. It did not need genius to be impressed with the beauty of the scene, but it did need genius such as Raphael's so to capture the glory of motherhood in paint. Having no canvas he took the top of a wine cask that stood near by and sketched the group then and there, in the soft Italian dusk. Thus was the hermit's prayer granted, for the "Madonna of the Chair," and in consequence the oak on which it is



RAPHAEL PAINTING "THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR"

painted, have won undying fame as one of the treasures of the world. The painting hangs in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

It seems quite possible that this legend is true, for Raphael had a habit of making sketches of his subjects whenever an incident or scene caught his fancy. In the Chair Madonna we have a painting executed entirely by Raphael. Many of the master's paintings, and nearly all of his Madonnas, were designed by him but were carried out by his pupils under his supervision.

Never has there been a more romantic or successful career than that of Raphael Sanzio. He was born at Urbino on Good Friday (March 28th), 1483, according to Vasari. The inscription on his tomb, which would seem reliable, gives the date of his birth as April 6th. He was the son of a painter-poet.

So pleased with him was Julius, and likewise his successor, Leo X, that the Vatican became practically a museum of Raphael's works.

Oddly enough he died on Good Friday, 1520, just thirty-seven years from the day of his birth, if we are to abide by Vasari's records, the victim of a brief and sudden



"THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR"

The painting completed from the sketch made by Raphael in the garden of the young Italian mother who, it is said, posed for the picture

Raphael's career was divided into three sections—the Umbrian, the Florentine and the Roman periods. It was during the twelve years of the Roman period that he reached the zenith of his glory. He was but twenty-five when Pope Julius II summoned him to Rome to take part in decorating the Vatican.

illness. He had contracted a fever during the excavations that he was directing. The great painter, mourned by everybody, as he had been loved by them, was interred, with all the honor due him, in the Pantheon, Rome. After four hundred years he still remains the "Prince of Italian Painting."



THE HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTS, FLORENCE, ITALY

On the face of the portico are the familiar medallions executed in the fifteenth century by the gifted Florentine sculptor, Andrea della Robbia. This celebrated frieze of circular reliefs is one of the chief attractions of the old Italian city

THE DELLA ROBBIA BAMBINI

WHO THEY ARE AND WHERE THEY ARE

BY ISABEL L. HOOPES

THE Hospital of the Innocents at Florence has two outstanding claims to fame: It was the first home in Europe that took upon itself the care of deserted babies, and the Della Robbia reliefs across the front of the hospital portico are the world's best-loved baby sculptures.

When the great Brunelleschi designed the building for the institution, which started its career of benevolence in the year 1444, he left circular frames between the arches of the long arcade, so that some fitting decoration might later adorn the spandrels. Among the many shops that produced art works in the Florence of that day was one that had been set up by the Della Robbia family of sculptors and ceramists. Luca della Robbia, the founder, was the originator of an exceptional kind of glaze that, in combination with clay, was known to the trade as "Robbia Ware." Enamelled terra cotta (baked earth) became the specialty of the Della Robbias. Altarpieces, panels, medallions—works great and small, but all of purest design and color

—were turned out by the Florentine artist and his assistants. Luca's right-hand man was Andrea, his nephew. Andrea was not so gifted in conceiving large ornate pieces. He excelled in small designs exquisite in detail, and worked almost exclusively in terra cotta.

Andrea must have been very much gratified when he was asked in the year 1466 to fill the empty space awaiting decoration on the facade of the Hospital of the Innocents. He knew this home for waifs, dedicated to the tiny martyrs of Herod's sword, had since its founding passed through dire vicissitudes. Once some of its little charges had starved to death because there was no money in the treasury to feed them. This mournful incident gave Andrea the thought to create infant figures so imbued with pathos that no one looking at them could resist their helpless appeal. It is a fact that soon after the medallions were finished rich merchants endowed the hospital, and the merciful work went on, never again to halt, even to this day.

Andrea della Robbia was a little less than

thirty years old when he began to make the Bambini reliefs. He had been working with his uncle since he was a child, had mastered the art of putting on the hard glaze that distinguishes the Della Robbia terra cottas, and had inherited from Luca the ability to make natural-looking babies with sweet, vivacious faces and soft poses. The Della Robbia Bambini started a new art fashion in babies that has continued, through centuries, to give delight. These child masterpieces have been copied in many mediums and are as familiar in America as they are in their native town of Florence. Ivory-toned on blue plaques, they are frail little foundlings with their heads cocked engagingly, their lips pursed, eyebrows raised. Andrea made ten of the fourteen reliefs on the gray stone façade—each different, yet uniform enough to keep the decoration a unit. Four other medallions are later productions following his designs. Fourteen little pleaders, some with soft curls, some with wispy locks, each one asking a question that cannot be denied. They are swathed in folds alternately violet and blue, varied in arrangement. The Della Robbias were always famous for the clear, yet restrained, coloring which their process enabled them to produce. Most of their reliefs were white with a few touches of subdued tone, set against a blue background, "as if a bit of blue sky had fallen into the streets of Florence."

The frames Andrea designed gave vent for ingenuity and imagination. Some of them are merry rounds of cherubs, forewings folded beneath their chins; other medallions are garlanded with lilies, poppybuds, grapes, roses, pomegranates, pine cones, lemons and oranges—festive wreaths for the delectable figures within.

Andrea had twelve children—no lack of models in his own family. Some of the foundlings also suggested to him winsome expressions and features. No one goes to

Florence without finding the way to the old Square of the Annunciation where the beloved Bambini keep their vigil. The shop where they took form is no longer to be found. For a hundred and fifty years there were Della Robbias working under its ancient roof. The process devised by Luca was kept a secret in the family. The Della Robbias did not invent this ware; they merely applied to sculpture the methods that the pottery makers of Florence had been using for years.

Andrea stayed on at the old factory on the Via Guelfa after his uncle's death. Five sons worked with him. Aside from the business

Luca left him nothing, "for," he said in making his will, "the training I have given Andrea is priceless. I will leave my wealth to his brother Simone, who has had no such advantage." Over one hundred of Andrea's glazed terracotta reliefs are still extant. There are examples of larger conceptions in many Italian churches, including superb altars in relief. The Metropolitan Museum in New York has a fine "Assumption of the Virgin" and a medallion portrait of a young man.

Giovanni della Robbia was the most important of An-

drea's heirs. He at first did work worthy of his father, but later descended to complicated designs in which gaudy colors were used to catch the popular taste.

The foundling Hospital of the Innocents is still the refuge of the poor and the harbor of many a stray little bark. Beginning with two hundred and sixty foundlings its residents have increased to several thousand. It now receives a yearly average of over a thousand children. The foundlings are protected by the hospital during their minority. A dowry is provided for the girls when they marry, and often the boys of the hospital family are provided with modest funds when they leave the shelter of their gentle little patron saints, the Della Robbia Bambini.















THE HISTORIC DIAMOND NECKLACE

How It Ruined a Cardinal, Compromised a Queen, and Hastened a Revolution

BY M. B. LEVICK

In 1774 Louis XV of France, after having told Madame Du Barry that he would like to install her in a palace of gold and jewels, sickened of smallpox and died. From that wish of his there developed a series of misfortunes and misadventures that helped to undermine the whole social order of which he was the crowning ornament. For, as a substitute for the palace of gold, the king had ordered a diamond necklace for his favorite. It has its place in history as *The Diamond Necklace*.

The jewelers were Boehmer and Bassenge. They had ventured their fortunes on this necklace, borrowing heavily and scouring all lands for the most perfect stones to please Louis XV. And then he died. Where now to find a buyer? No private fortune would answer; this was a purchase to tax the coffers of the kingdom. They turned to Marie Antoinette, the young queen, wife of Louis XVI. She

refused. Perhaps she was piqued that she had only the second chance. Yet the jewelers never lost their hope that she would some day take the necklace off their hands.

Bassenge went from court to court, all over the continent, like a peddler. Boehmer remained at Versailles hoping for some chance or some influence to change the mood of the queen.

Thus for ten years the necklace lay in the jewelers' strong box, an object of worry and despair to its owners, of gossip to all the

world of idlers and coveted by many a lady of high degree. And at last the grasping hands of a pretty little beggar reached toward it.

Perhaps to call her a beggar at this time of her life is to underestimate the position of Jeanne de St. Remy de Lamotte, for she

had gained power of a sort. Her father, Jacques de St. Remy, descendant of a natural son of Henry II of Valois, had done his part in frittering away the family fortune. After years of living by plunder, poaching and charity, having wedded the daughter of his peasant landlord, he died, leaving three children, Jeanne and a sister and brother, penniless. They were taken up in pity by the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, and Jeanne repaid the noble lady's charity by making herself one of the most notorious women in history. She married a gen-darme, de Lamotte, and, after styling

herself as "Countess," set about improving her fortunes. In her memoirs she claims that she knew Marie Antoinette, and that the queen interested herself in her affairs. Was her claim to the queen's friendship real? Probably not. However, she is seen walking into the palace and out again. Who should know that her connection is merely a backstairs acquaintance with a valet?

Among the people whom the Countess de Lamotte managed to gather about her was



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

From a facsimile of the original made in glass for the French jewelers Boehmer and Bassenge

Cardinal Prince Louis René Édouard de Rohan, grand almoner of France, aspirant to the prime ministership. The cardinal was downcast because he had incurred the particular displeasure of the queen. For some years Marie Antoinette had refused to receive him. Perhaps he may have thought the Countess de Lamotte could enable him to regain favor; at any rate, he sought friendship with her.

A big fish, this, for the ambitious "countess," and she played him neatly. She assured him from time to time that she was working in his behalf, and that her majesty had softened toward him. She agreed to deliver a letter for him, and she returned to him an answer signed with the queen's name. Other letters brought similar answers, and the tone of the pretended letters from Marie Antoinette grew warmer. Weak, vain, credulous, the cardinal threw himself unthinkingly into the net spread for him by falling head over heels in love.

An interview between queen and cardinal was planned. The Count de Lamotte picked up an obscure little baggage, Marie Leguay, who resembled the queen in appearance, and, one night in a grove in a garden of Versailles, a woman of the right height, with the proper costume, appeared hurriedly and shadowily, and whispered softly to the deluded cardinal that the past had been forgotten.

The cardinal did not question the truth of his experience and the countess received from him sums of money which she told him were needed by the queen for her works of charity.

Thus enriched, she was able to strengthen the position of power to which she pretended. Boehmer, with his necklace still unsold, also

believed her, and sought her aid in disposing of his treasure, of which the price had now declined to 1,600,000 francs. The countess saw her opportunity.

On January 21, 1785, she told Boehmer the queen would buy the necklace through a trusted envoy. Soon after this Cardinal de Rohan presents to Boehmer a paper stating the conditions of the purchase, providing for payment in instalments. The paper is apparently approved in the handwriting of

Marie Antoinette. The necklace is turned over to the cardinal and he carries it to the house of the Countess de Lamotte, where through a glass door he sees it placed in the hands of a man whom he thinks he recognizes as the queen's valet. It is discovered afterward that the "queen's valet" has a marked resemblance to Reteaux de Villotte, a friend of the Count de Lamotte and an accomplished forger.

The Count de Lamotte is then quickly off for England, offering diamonds here and there for sale.

Meanwhile Marie Antoinette receives a grateful letter of thanks

from the jeweler Boehmer. She cannot make any sense out of it; it is something about that wearisome necklace, with which she is utterly bored. She idly burns the letter, and thinks no more about it.

Months pass, and the Countess de Lamotte for once seems to be amply provided with money. She no longer shows stress and worry; she is spending lavishly—lands, carriages, finery, travel. She even pays off debts in diamonds.

The day for the payment of the first instalment to the jeweler arrives. Notes signed by the cardinal are presented to Boehmer by the countess. The amount, however, is not that agreed upon. So



THE COUNTESS DE LAMOTTE

From a portrait after Robinet, printed in her autobiography

Boehmer goes directly to the queen. Marie Antoinette says she knows nothing of any order for the necklace; she has not received it. Boehmer's jaw drops.

There is a momentary lull—a few days of puzzled stillness. Then the lightning strikes. It is August 15th, Assumption Day. The court is gathered to attend royalty to chapel. Cardinal de Rohan is to officiate at the service. As priest he holds a power higher than kingship. Then all at once the courtiers are buzzing. The cardinal, under arrest, is led to the Bastille.

When she heard the news the Countess de Lamotte did not flee, but decided to play injured innocence. The part she picked for herself was that of a friend to the queen who had been too good a friend. She destroyed all her papers. De Rohan had done likewise. Then she was arrested and also, after much searching, Reteaux de Villette and Marie Leguay.

A nine-months trial before the Parlement of Paris ensued. A mountain of documents remains in the archives and to-day, so much has been written, it is hardly possible to sift the false from the true. All the world talked of the scandal. It has been called the greatest lie of the eighteenth century. No mystery story has ever enthralled so wide a public.

On the day of judgment crowds assembled. Contemporary reports estimate that ten thousand people gathered in and around the palace. De Rohan, as innocent dupe, was acquitted, also Marie Leguay, the dummy queen. Reteaux de Villette, the supposed valet, who had confessed to forging the queen's signature, was banished, and the absent Count de Lamotte was sentenced to the galleys for life. The Countess de Lamotte, the left-hand child of nobility who had raised herself from the gutter by her charm, was condemned to be whipped,

branded on the shoulder with a great V, and confined to the Salpêtrière prison for life.

So far could the law proceed in establishing justice, but it could have no effect on the lies and gossip. Men would not believe that de Rohan, ambassador and man of the world as well as prelate, had been such a fool as his acquittal would indicate. If he were really guiltless, they asked, why did the king banish him to his abbey? Why were his noble orders surrendered, his high post resigned? It was a heavy punishment for innocence.

The Countess de Lamotte escaped from the Salpêtrière to freedom in England, where she published memoirs accusing Marie Antoinette of using her as a tool to pay off her hatred of the cardinal. It was rumored that the court had helped her to escape.

Marie Antoinette, in the period of youthful inexperience, had been frivolous at a frivolous court, but there seems to be no evidence against her character in the affair of the necklace. The French populace, however, was in no mood to weigh evidence dispassionately. The necklace business

came back to the queen eight years later, during the Terror. In her trial, a few hours before she was guillotined, she denied ever having known Jeanne de Lamotte. That denial did her no good. The queen, never popular, had become to the enraged people the symbol of all the folly and wickedness that had preceded her. The necklace may have been, in truth, no more than the loot of an attractive adventuress who juggled it as she slipped in to visit a palace servant, but it was asking too much to expect hungry rebels to believe so.

From first to last the affair is filled with grim comedy, yet minds as clear as Goethe and Talleyrand have seen in it the tragic prelude to the French Revolution.



MARIE ANTOINETTE

From a painting by Mme. Vigée Le Brun. One of her twenty portraits of the queen, for some of which the artist had difficulty in getting paid. This one was executed at about the time of the necklace incident



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SHIPPING AMERICAN GOLD

Kegs and bricks—they don't look so valuable, as they are rolled down the chute from the White Star liner *Baltic* at Liverpool. But the kegs are full of gold coin—\$2,000,000 worth—and the "bricks" are bars of pure silver. The precious metals were shipped from the United States, the money center of the world to-day



THE JOB OF SHIPPING GOLD

How Millions in Coin and Bullion Are Safely Transported From Bank to Bank on City Streets and Shore to Shore Across the Sea

BY DONALD MAC GREGOR

"Fifty thousand—hundred thousand—hundred and fifty—"

The red-faced Irishman in overalls is counting as the heavy kegs roll onto the sidewalk, where two husky assistants, one at each side, hoist them onto the rear of the armored express truck.

"There you are," he says, finally, when forty kegs are aboard; "that's two million dollars—enough for this trip. We'll have to come back later for the rest of this gold."

The rear door of the truck is shut and bolted; the guards take position with rifles on their knees; the driver throws the huge machine into gear, and the trip begins, down through the busy, narrow streets of New York City's financial district, toward the ship.

Back in the building from which the kegs have come—the United States Assay Office—coopers employed by a bank are busy nailing up two or three more millions in gold with hardly more concern than if it was so much salt. The business of physical shipment of precious metal, to keep the world financial balance straight, is just everyday work to those on the job.

The stout kegs in which the gold is carried are of about ten-gallon size and when filled, with metal and packing, weigh about 180 pounds. In each, to facilitate counting, is \$50,000, so that the twenty kegs hold a million dollars.

This form of container, the keg, is amusingly American. Gold arriving in the United States from foreign countries usually is in boxes, about nine inches deep, nine inches

wide and twenty inches long, each holding \$50,000. Americans prefer kegs to boxes because kegs may be rolled, with a saving of labor.

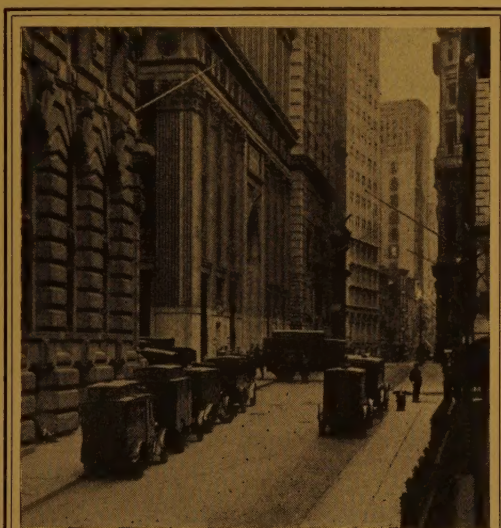
Less gold is transferred back and forth across the ocean now than during the war, when international financing was enormous, but even to-day the annual shipments run to hundreds of millions. Business transactions between nations and individuals may be conducted on paper only up to a certain point; gold is a commodity that must be laid down to balance the books when the credit on one side becomes heavy.

The United States Assay Office, which melts and certifies the fineness of gold, is the medium through which American and foreign banks transact this business. If gold is to be shipped abroad, in bullion for example, it is delivered to the assay office, where it is melted and molded into bricks and marked.

Gold received in America similarly goes to the assay office for examination. About half the gold is in coin, the other half in bullion.

Not infrequently gold is sent back and forth without the bricks being remelted. A year or more ago J. P. Morgan and Company received a large shipment from France of the identical gold sent to France seventeen years before in connection with the building of the Panama Canal. The French had cut a few slices off some of the bricks to examine their fineness, but that was all.

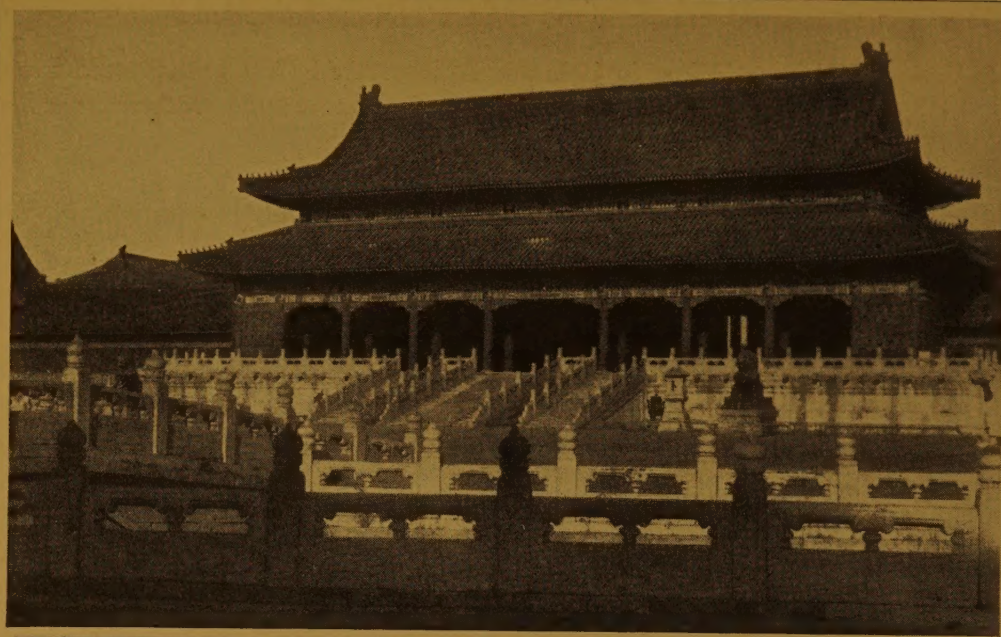
The total amount of gold in the world, according to the Director of the Mint, is nine billion dollars, of which about fifty-five per cent is in the United States.



P. & A.

MOVING THIRTY-THREE BILLIONS

Scene in Nassau Street, New York City, when the Federal Reserve Bank moved its gold and securities from the Equitable Building into its new home



COURT OF ENTRY—NATIONAL ART MUSEUM—FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING, CHINA



MUSEUM IN A MUSEUM

BY RAYMOND FULLER

Peking is a museum but it is also a lost art. They are not making Pekings nowadays. Grandeur in conception than any Versailles or Forum or Acropolis, the majestic sweep of the architecture transfixing the heart of the City of Heaven is unique not only in China but in the world.

And in it there is a museum which for irreplaceable art is undoubtedly the richest in existence. China's National Art Museum is housed in what was formerly an audience hall just within the confines of the inmost Forbidden City. No foreigner had ever entered the Forbidden City section of Peking until 1898. When the Boxer Rebellion was quelled by the allied troops, much of the treasure was looted by the common soldiers. No one knows how much disappeared. When in Peking in 1923 the writer was surreptitiously offered one of the two gorgeous bird of paradise robes that were in the wardrobe of the emperor. The authenticity of the robe was proved; its price was fixed at \$5,000; the original looter still retained it in his possession.

A great share of the remaining art objects of the Imperial Palace at Peking were in 1912

assembled in this museum, and to them were added the decorations, furnishings and collections from Mukden, Jehol and Sianfu palaces. Ceramics easily hold first place in value among these treasures, but hardly less precious are the lacquers, cloisonnés, paintings, embroideries, featherwork, carved ivories and jades, bronzes and inlaid metals.

It is, without doubt, the most complete assembly of Chinese art treasures to be found anywhere. One is filled with awe when he examines the collection and realizes how many things here belong truly to the "lost arts." Money is a garrulous talker, but money values in this case seem inadequate. Appraisals exceeding \$100,000,000 have been made by experts.

The exquisite coloring of the pottery, its perfection of outline, the weird and uncanny crackle and filigree effects, are beyond description. There are scores of life-like trees and shrubs made wholly of precious and semi-precious stones; there are pieces of jade so carved and so conceived as to cast into pale insignificance all jade elsewhere cherished; ivories that for a thousand years have mutely spoken the last word in cunning execution. In these splendid halls of the yellow-tiled Forbidden City—itsself an ineffable monument of architectural perfection—is a museum unique in all the world, filled with precious and priceless things.



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THE OPEN LETTER



SIXTH Christmas Day was an important one in my life, for that was the day when my eyes were opened and I began to learn the great secret of Santa Claus.

According to good old-fashioned custom our family—ten in all—gathered at an early hour of the morning around the lighted Christmas tree and feasted our eyes on the bounty of good things that Santa Claus had brought to us during the night. Among the presents one object caught my eye and held me fast in shivering astonishment.

There, at the foot of the Christmas tree, was an embroidered hassock for my father; and—

I had seen that very hassock a week before hidden away in an upstairs closet!

What could it mean? Had someone been juggling things about the house? No, my father took the hassock thankfully as a gift from Santa Claus.

Then he was deceived! We were all deceived! Santa Claus had *not* brought that hassock down the chimney. Perhaps he had brought none of the presents that way. Perhaps, then, there *was* no Santa Claus!

The thought was devastating, and my six-year-old mind reeled under it.

Could I, after that revelation, continue to believe in Santa Claus? Could I? Of course I could. I could see that the others did—at least, they *said* they did. And so did I. If I didn't believe in Santa Claus where would all the blessings come from? Perhaps there would be no gifts for the boy that didn't believe in Santa Claus. Of course I believed

in him. And I went on believing in him—or, at least, *saying* I believed in him, just as the others did.

Now, that was not a sound mental attitude for a boy of six—or of any age. I was “squinting” at the facts. Something had to happen to me to set me right in the matter.

And something *did* happen. As the years went by it kept happening. Every Christmas it happened—and it was a happening that made all things happy. For I found that I could still believe in Santa Claus. As I grew older, and the Christmas days grew in number, I found that Santa Claus was much more than a fat little man in furs. I found that Santa Claus was really a *state of mind and heart* in the home. Wherever goodness was—kindliness and a generous spirit of outgiving, there Santa Claus lived and moved and had his being. I found that the soul of a happy home *was* Santa Claus.

Is there really anyone so dead in heart, so blind to the sunshine of happiness that he doesn't believe in Santa Claus? If so, gone for him are the finest, simplest, sweetest, most precious things in life. Gone for him is the spirit of youth and all the “olden, golden glory of the days gone by.”

For those of us that truly believe, Santa Claus does exist; and as long as we feel his generous spirit in us Santa Claus really lives, and actually abides with us on Christmas Day, making glad the heart of youth and making youthful the heart of age.

W. D. Moffat
• Editor